

prospect in some way connected with the deity idea governing all ceremonies, whether educational, as in initiations, or worshipping in connection with totem classes. Another fact, corroborative of the foregoing, is the grouping of these sacred places.

Notwithstanding the impression gained—in the Sydney district, for example—that carvings are promiscuously scattered around in all suitable places, exact survey of these petroglyphs shows that they are arranged in groups on a large scale, and that many—very many—highly suitable and attractive places are without them. In Victoria, for instance, the only rock paintings yet discovered are four in number and are all in one district, that of the Wimmera tribe. Each differs from the other three, in the class or type of paintings, which themselves definitely fall into group classifications or styles in other parts of the continent. The conclusion is inevitable that these rock shelters are the ceremonial places of the tribe, which has the usual dual organization with subdivision, making four totem classes.

Enough has been said to show the essentially religious domination over pictorial art, but ornament, though enslaved a little for the decoration of churingas and performers in rites and ceremonies, kept itself free to a large extent. Ornament in the carving and colouring of shields and weapons was general. In personal adornment, almost wholly confined to the male of the species, the aboriginal has reached remarkable heights. A fully-decorated black has so many ornaments dangling around his features that he has to be led about, being unable to distinguish his way.

Though the shamanistic domination of art kept much of the primitive, even up to pre-Raphaelite days, there are at present more than signs of a reversion to the aboriginal art forms and methods of expression. Indeed, some efforts by blacks of the Diamantina and the Finke have of late been acclaimed as high, if not the highest, effects of modern art.

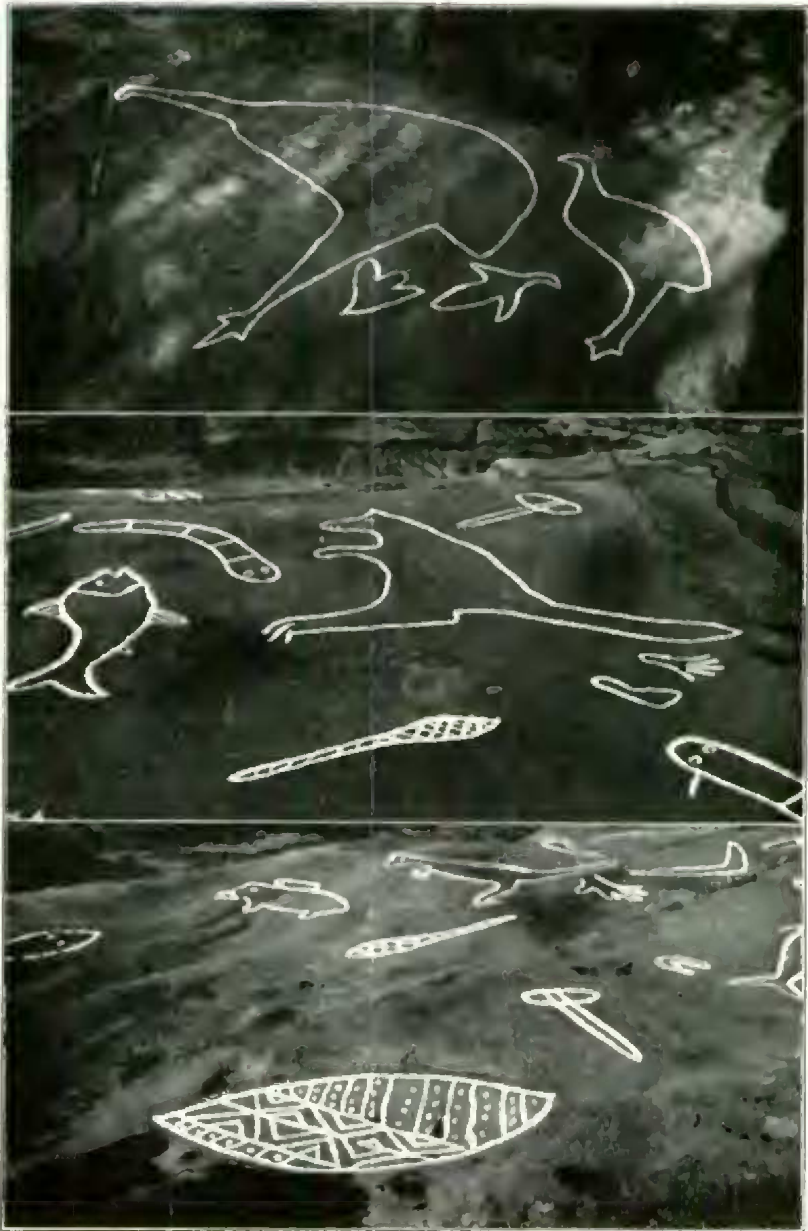
A RECORD OF ROCK CARVINGS

By CHARLES BARNETT

Student as well as recorder, and the discoverer of more groups of aboriginal rock carvings than one could visit in months of wandering in New South Wales, Mr. B. L. Hornshaw deserves our gratitude. He has devoted the leisure hours of a lifetime to his favourite branch of ethnography—aboriginal art—and made himself the foremost authority on petroglyphs, at least, those in the "galleries" around Sydney.

As a young man, Mr. Hornshaw (who lives at Drummoyne) became interested in rock carvings seen during his rambles in the sandstone country. Later, he decided to make a record of all the groups he could find, chalking the incised outlines to make photo-

Plate XI



Photos. by B. L. Hornshaw.

Groups of Petroglyphs near Sydney, N.S.W.

graphs clear. Nearly every week-end and holiday were devoted to the quest and recording. Very soon, most of the already-known groups within easy distance of Sydney had been visited, and scores of others located, in French's Forest, at Bantry Bay, and elsewhere. Farther afield, then, Mr. Hornshaw tramped with knapsack and notebook and camera. He was surprised by the abundance of petroglyphs, for the Hawksbury sandstone, with its rock shelter walls and great flat rocks, offered a "canvas" to the blackfellow wherever he roamed. There are thousands of symbols and figures and strange imaginary objects carved in the sandstone. Hundreds of groups have been photographed by Mr. Hornshaw, whose note-



Photo. by B. L. Hornshaw.

The "Red Hand" in a Rock Shelter, Kurin-gai Chase, N.S.W.

books contain measurements and data for each group. For he is an amateur who works with meticulous care, and appreciates the value of scientific recording.

I have been often afield with him, and owe my interest in rock carvings to Mr. Hornshaw, who showed me also how to photograph them to best advantage; in brief, shared with me the knowledge gained during his thirty years of gleaning in a fascinating field.

His finds are described in letters that are also invitations; I never go to Sydney without being taken to see a fresh discovery—a group of carvings, usually on an old bora ground, hidden away and yet within cooee, perhaps, of a highway or at least a frequented road. There are rock pictures where children play, and above the beaches beloved of people who care not a farthing for aboriginal art, or anything but sunshine and the surf while they are out in the open.

Among notable groups found by Mr. Hornshaw last year was that at Terrigal. On Broken Head are thirty-one carvings. A Koala, with a young one on its back, is depicted. Other items are two Kangaroos, two Emus, two Goannas, eight fishes, two human hands and a pair of feet, two boomerangs, a fish-spear with three prongs, a Bandicoot and an Echidna; also a shield, hafted axes, and two nulla-nullas. "The most wonderful group I have seen," is Mr. Hornshaw's comment, in a letter. Of special interest is a group on a bora ground near French's Forest road, Manly district, for one of the carved figures probably was meant to represent a Platypus; it certainly is a broad-billed animal, if the body is less convincing; still, I am disposed to accept the identification.

Mr. Hornshaw suggests that a huge reptile-headed figure, with a human standing on top of its back, possibly was intended to represent the mythical Bunyip. It spread across a broad track in the bush at Bantry Bay, and measures 13 feet 4½ inches by 8 feet. A spear protrudes from the creature's back. We spent hours examining and recording every detail of this remarkable petroglyph, which apparently is very old, for portions of the outline are no deeper than a scratch—depth having been lost by weathering.

A KALEIDOSCOPIC CARPET

By A. J. SWABY

Away to the south-west of Arapiles is a red hill, so barren that selectors would not take it as a gift. It is destitute of trees; hence its locality is indicated on the maps by: "Timber reserve, 1,700 acres." On the gently-rounded top, even the hardy Broom Honey-myrtle, over large patches, scarcely attains a height of 2 feet. But there is nothing dead, nothing withered. The plants dare not give up: for how could offspring survive? Our carpet is in one of these patches and about the size of the average drawing-room.

It is early in June. The hard-baked, dark-red soil has received its first soaking for many months. Always, this red must be kept in mind as the ground on which the more delicate colours are laid. The old pattern is not worn; but dull—sage-green, olive-green, yellowish, brownish, and grey—good wearing colours. The fairy weavers have resumed after a long vacation by tinting the mosses. Who said mosses were delicate? Let them lack water for a few hours and they lose colour. After long drying, they may be brittle. In two hours after rain they are awake and flourishing. You see, they have no deep roots to search for water. The must make the most of their opportunities. But these are just here and there. The sombre lichens are also reviving and preparing for their fantastic "fruiting bodies." The Fringed Heath-myrtle soon covers itself with millions of tiny deep crimson buds. All else still sleeps.